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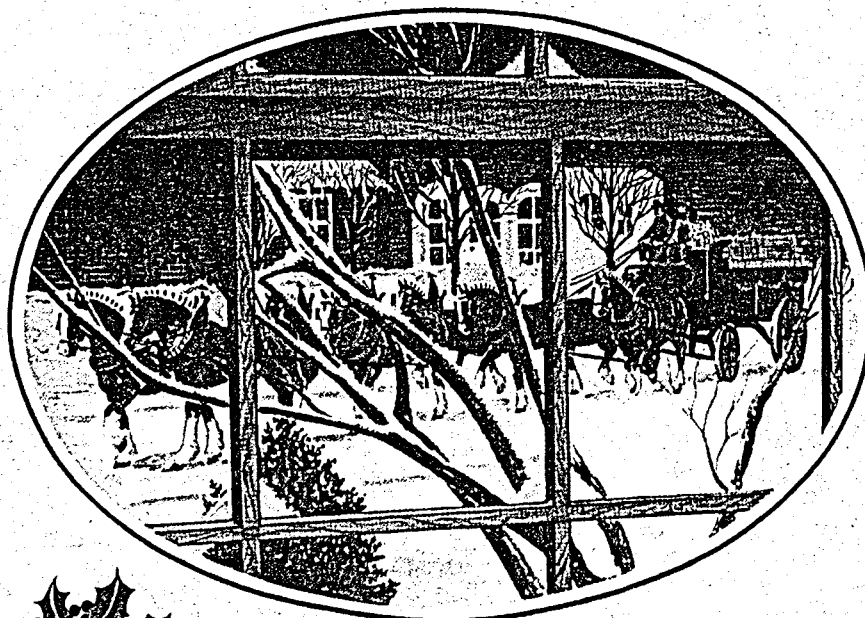
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Vol. 119, No. 6, December 9, 1977
Notre Dame, Indiana

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children are their teachers

by Kathy Mills



Twelve five-year-old children and one 20-year-old girl dressed in jeans and a sweater sit crossed-legged on the floor at the front of a classroom. The children are learning to make peanut butter, and each child takes a turn putting peanuts, oil, and salt into a blender cup. Their teacher, Mrs. Kosik, stands in front of the group and operates the blender. After ten minutes of blending the mixture, Mrs. Kosik announces that it will take a long time to make the peanut butter smooth. "Why don't we go outside and play, and Mary Beth can finish the peanut butter?" she suggests. As the children get up from the floor and move into the hallway, the jean-clad girl gets up from the floor, goes over to the blender, and tries to turn the lumpy substance in the blender cup into smooth peanut butter.

The children are students at the Early Childhood Development Center at Saint Mary's, and the jean-clad young woman, Mary Beth Menna, is an education major at Saint Mary's who works at the Center. But she is not an ordinary volunteer; she is one of 37 students working at the Center each week as part of courses in the Saint Mary's curriculum. These students are taking advantage of an alternative to books and lectures for learning about children. The Center provides the alternative by letting the students get down on the floor and play with a room full of preschoolers.

The Early Childhood Development Center is a day-care center for children, three, four, and five years old, whose parents work for or attend Notre Dame and Saint Mary's. Students who work there each week fall into two categories — education majors and students taking the Developmental Psychology course. In addition, nursing majors work at the Center once during one semester. The Center has three different programs for students who work there, one for each category of students.

As an education major, Menna spends two and a half hours each week at the Center. Her work is part of a class called *The Teacher*, the first required course for education majors. The Teacher also requires one hour of classroom discussion each week.

Menna does more than make peanut butter at the Center. She and 11

other education students who work with the children assist the teachers, observe the children, and plan and implement activities for the children. For example, they play with the children when "free-choice activities" are available to the children, help the children develop their motor skills by taking them on the balance beam, and read stories to the children and ask them questions during the literature periods.

Experience with the children is the basis for learning in this course. Working with these preschoolers gives the education majors a chance to experiment, according to Menna. "You can reprimand them one way one time and another way another time and see which works the best with them," she says. Julia Perry can try out her teaching methods and teaching aids on the children at the Center and "see how well they work." Working at the Center has been a lesson in dealing with unexpected situations for Flavin, and it has shown Chris Morris how the students relate to their teachers.

"Working at the Center has been a nice exposure to a classroom situation," says Perry. "I've been able to decide whether or not the teaching field is for me." This exposure has helped many other education majors decide if they really want to become teachers and what age groups they would like to teach.

Melanie Gotuaco decided through her work with five-year-olds at the Center that she would like to teach children older than five. She says that five-year-olds are too small and too hard to manage and sometimes they don't listen. For Perry and Menna, experience has worked in the opposite direction; they both work with five-year-olds, both enjoy it, and have both decided to work with children this age.

One student who made the decision not to become a teacher is Cindy Daly. She found out from interacting with the children at the Center that she is not as patient with children as she thought she was. "I'm not as anxious to work with 20 kids as I'd thought I was," she says.

But most of the other education students will go on to be teachers, and most will use what they learn from the exposure to a classroom situation at the Center when they

begin to teach. One of the things the future teachers have learned at the Center which they plan to use in their own classrooms is the Center's nonauthoritarian system of discipline. In this system, the teacher gives the child choices of behavior, instead of hitting or spanking the child. For example, the teacher will say to a child who is running in the classroom, "You can choose to run or to walk, but if you choose to run you will have to sit down for a while."

Most of the education majors say this system seems to work very well with the children. They also approve of it because it teaches the children self-discipline and gives them lessons in how to choose between right and wrong. Menna says she likes it because the teachers do not criticize the children or deflate their egos; rather, their reprimands are positive so the children do not get upset.

Students in Dr. Penny Jameson's Developmental Psychology are also learning through the experience of working with the children at the Early Childhood Development Center. These students work for an hour and a half and attend three classroom lectures each week. Unlike the education majors, they do not handle activities for the children. But they do assist the teachers, play with the children, and observe the children. For example, they help the teachers with the cooking activities, assist the children in tying their shoes, and observe the children's development. They normally spend about 15 or 20



minutes just observing the children for a specific quality, such as language development or coordination.

The hour and a half these students spend at the Center ties in with the course's classroom lectures. "In Developmental Psychology we learn theories about preschoolers," Bachle observes. "Most of us don't have a lot of experience with kids that age, and working at the Center gives us a chance to study them." Bachle says she can learn more from watching the children for five minutes than from reading about a theory for an hour.

Much of the classroom learning in Developmental Psychology concerns theories that are abstract, says Lynn DeGraf. "When I work at the Center I can see what the professor talks about in class. It really pulls the class together," she says.

"It's most exciting to see in action what you hear about in class," says Katie Seeberg.

Some of the students in Developmental Psychology plan to go on to work with children and will use their observations of the children at the Center in their work. But even those students who do not plan to work with children say their work at the Center will be useful to them.

DeGraf, who wants to be a children's dentist, says her work at the Center helps her understand how children "run," and she will be able to work with children better because of this. Working at the Center also helps Pauline Joyce understand children, and she will use this understanding in her career either as a pediatrician or in special education.

Nursing students are also involved with the children at the Early Childhood Development Center. During pediatrics rotation in junior year,

nursing students observe the children for one three-and-a-half-hour period. The purpose of this exposure to the children is to give students a chance to interact with healthy children and view the Center's system of discipline, according to Terri Kosik, director of the Center. "Nurses often have to discipline children in the hospital," she says. "This is a preparatory background." After the session with the children at the Center, the students attend a conference to discuss what they observed.

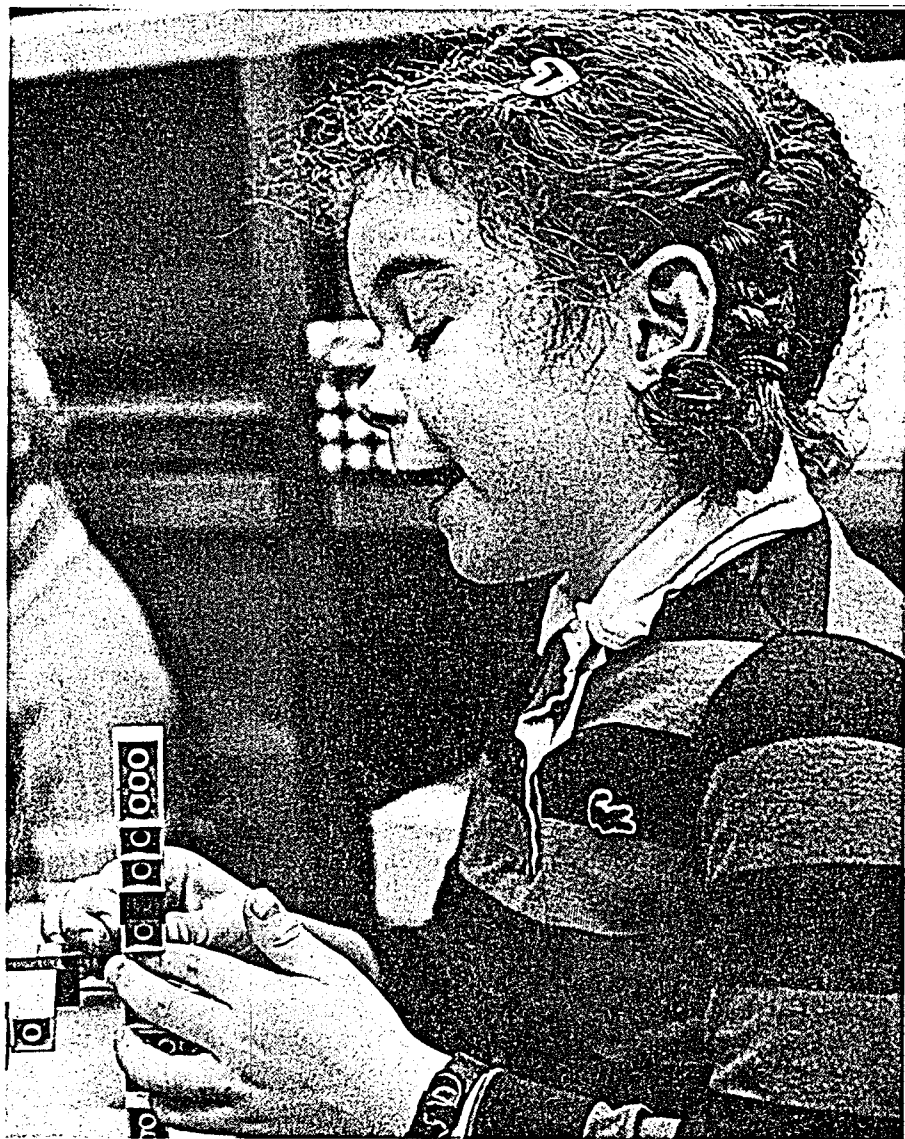
Lynn Hines, who had her pediatrics rotation earlier this semester, worked for three weeks in pediatrics at St. Joseph's Hospital, then observed at the Center, worked in a pediatrician's office, and worked with children at the Easter Seal Office. Hines says the experience at the Center proved useful to her because she could compare the healthy children from the Center to the hospitalized children. "Sometimes children

in a hospital regress in development," she says. "It's important to get a standard of development from well children."

The observation period at the Center taught Jane Gardner what children are like in a normal environment. This is necessary to know, she says, because it is important to make a child's stay in a hospital as normal as possible. Gardner terms her session at the Center "a real learning experience."

"A real learning experience" is exactly what all the students who work with and observe the children at the Early Childhood Development Center are going through. And they are learning because experience with the children, not just books and lectures, is their teacher.

Kathy Mills is a senior American Studies major from Bergenfield, New Jersey. She is also the Executive Editor for The Observer.



A Subway Ride to Nowhere

by Karen Caruso

On a cool, gray, football Saturday morning in October, 1974, a middle-aged steelworker from southwestern Pennsylvania arrived in South Bend. He had a ticket for the afternoon Notre Dame football game and was excited that he would finally see a Notre Dame team play in its home stadium. Traffic around the University was heavy, and parking spots were few, but he managed to find a place near the Morris Inn to leave his car. With his scrapbook of newspaper clippings concerning any aspect of Notre Dame under his arm, he strode across the campus until he was standing in front of Sacred Heart Church. There he got down on his knees, kissed the ground, and said, "Thank you, God—I finally made it to Notre Dame."

Strong feelings for Notre Dame, though not often expressed as outwardly as this, exist in the hearts of many people who were never students of the University. Such people follow its athletic teams, read about its academic progress, and have a certain reverence for its name. In 1975, an organization was created for this group of people that operated for only one full year. This was the Notre Dame Subway Alumni Association.

The term "subway alumni" was coined by sportswriters in the eastern part of the United States during the Knute Rockne football era. When Notre Dame played an opponent in Yankee Stadium in New York City, the subways were jammed with non-alumni fans who were on their way

to the stadium to cheer "their" Fighting Irish on to victory. This image of devotion was the reason that the Subway Alumni Association was so titled.

A member of the Subway Alumni Association paid yearly dues of \$15, and in return received a decal displaying the organization's name, a membership card, a window decal for his car, a certificate, and a subscription to the quarterly newsletter entitled "The Notre Dame Subway Alumni News." The creation of this organization was Notre Dame's first official effort to give non-alumni a link with the University.

According to Thomas Suddes, director of Development, the Subway

Alumni Association was a "fund-raising vehicle. Creating an organization was a more tangible way to see if a market existed out there." Richard Conklin, director of Information Services, explains, "The Subway Alumni Association was a development program designed to transfer interest in Notre Dame football to interest in the University as a whole. We knew that the people were out there and could become financial supporters of the University; all we had to do was find them."

Various methods were used in finding the potential members of the Subway Alumni Association. The largest was the direct-mail method. The University acquired lists of names and addresses that belonged under particular headings; among them were lists of contributors to Catholic charities, lists of Notre Dame football season-ticket holders, and lists of Catholic subscribers to *Sports Illustrated*. Invitational letters and application forms were mailed to them with the hope that they would join the organization. Also, advertisements were published in newspapers around the country. The first ad appeared in *The Boston Globe* on September 15, 1975, the day Notre Dame opened its football season against Boston College. Its objective was to stimulate interest for the organization in a part of the country in which Notre Dame was already popular. Similar ads were printed in such newspapers as *The Indianapolis News*, *The New York*



Daily News, and *The Chicago Tribune*. Other publicity came from broadcasted radio interviews with Notre Dame officials connected with the organization and from ads in football programs.

The initiator of the project was Rev. J. Robert Rioux, C.S.C., who used his previous experience with direct-mail campaigns to organize the Subway Alumni Association. Rioux was aware that most non-alumni had an athletic knowledge of Notre Dame, but he also wanted to spark interest in academics and in other facets of the University. The invitational letter, written by Ara Parseghian, urged people to join because their dues would be used for a fund to help students at Notre Dame who could not finance their college careers on their own. Included with Parseghian's letter was an application form that explained the objective of the organization: "Thousands now have been added to the original fans who consider Notre Dame as their honorary Alma Mater. Notre Dame wants to get to know these friends personally and invite them to continue their interest by formally becoming members of the great family that is Notre Dame."

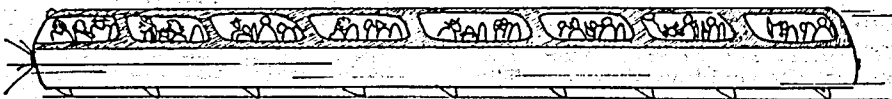
Mailings of these letters and forms went out to 125,000 people. A 2% response, or 2,500 memberships, was projected for the first year and would have been considered quite successful, since the organization was new and information about it needed time to spread. In fact, members were urged to draw others into the organization. Volume one, number one of the newsletter, dated Summer 1975, contained this mes-

sage: "The best way to make your Subway Alumni Association grow is to send us the names and addresses of relatives, friends, and associates who are potential Subway Alumni. Send us this information and we'll send them the invitation by return mail. Incidentally, enrollment in the Subway Alumni makes a great birthday, graduation, Christmas, and anniversary gift. Think about it."

By early spring of 1976, the enrollment in the Subway Alumni Association reached 2,941, and at the end of the first year there were 3,600 members. Campaign methods continued in the same manner as in the beginning, but there was a change in the explanation of where the money from the dues would be used. The later literature stated that it would go toward the "general support of the University." Conklin points to the amount of profit as the reason for the change. "The intention all along was for the money to be used toward education, but the sums of money were not large. We just broke even, so there was no

great decision as to where the money would go." Suddes says, "The money made from the organization was unrestricted money and could be used in any way. For example, it could go toward the purchase of new library books or increases in faculty salaries."

Considering the fact that it was a new organization, the growth of the Subway Alumni Association progressed with few problems. While it existed, its members continued to pay their yearly dues, receive the materials which cost \$3.00 per year to produce for each member, and remain at Notre Dame in spirit. But, undeniably, the main time of the year that brought them to Notre Dame in body was the football season. "They have always surfaced for the games and will continue to do so," states Assistant Sports Director Robert Best. "We were not able to offer them tickets because there weren't enough even for the alumni, but we have always appreciated their interest. We had a good relationship with them, but there seemed to be a bad marriage between them and the Alumni Association. Some alumni resented it and wanted it stopped." Tom Pagna, who was the Executive Director of the Alumni Association while the Subway Alumni Association was being formed, says, "The alumni were not really concerned about it because it hadn't yet caught on. It was a minute portion of my job, but if there was any resentment, it prob-



ably came later." John Cackley, Pagna's successor, has no comment about the subject.

After one year of existence, a decision was collectively made by department heads and officials of the University to terminate the Subway Alumni Association. Volume two, number two of the newsletter contained this insert: "The Notre Dame Subway Alumni Association began as an experimental program in the spring of 1975. Since then many non-alumni have become members and learned about the University. Now that the year is over, we have evaluated the program and it is our judgment that the Subway Alumni Association members would be better served in another way. We have decided to terminate the Subway Alumni Association and incorporate its members into a larger group of some 20,000 Notre Dame friends, thus drawing together all non-alumni supporters and bringing them closer to the University. This will be the last issue of the 'Subway Alumni Newsletter,' and, of course, the mandatory payment of annual dues to the association will cease. In the future, subway alumni are urged to contribute to the University. In return, they will receive issues of the award-winning *Notre Dame Magazine*, as it is now the case with all contributing friends of the University. From time to time, other material about the University will also be sent to them. We thank you for your

past interest, and we invite your continuing friendship in this new avenue of association with Notre Dame."

"There was no real evidence from the trial period that we would get enough people for financial support of the University," says Conklin about the termination. "A lot of time and energy was going into it; Fr. Rioux probably spent more than half his time on it. But Notre Dame is not equipped to go into an extensive marketing campaign. So, the subway alumni were shifted into the category of 'Notre Dame contributing friends.' The Subway Alumni Association was a yearly thing, so we decided to kill it after a year rather than renew a lot of people and disappoint them later." Suddes explains that there was not a need for such an organization. "Notre Dame doesn't have an organization for 'parents' or for 'contributing corporations,' and we could do more for our alumni," he states. "Loyal fans don't need an organization to remind them that they

have interest. But it was a matter of priorities more than anything else. The Campaign for Notre Dame was under way, and it was a bigger priority."

The majority of the Subway Alumni Association members voiced no opinion about the termination of their organization. A few, however, have expressed some strong feelings about it. "The organization was a nice idea, and I was very upset when it folded. The newsletter did not clearly explain the reason for the termination," states Dr. Joseph Michels, a Baltimore obstetrician/gynecologist. "I've been a subway alumnus since I was nine years old when I used to listen to Notre Dame football games on the radio with my father." Raymond Pallucca, who owns a grocery store and delicatessen in Frontenac, Kansas, was not totally satisfied with the organization's approach and withdrew after six months. He was disturbed that football was stressed to an extreme.

The former members of the Subway Alumni Association are now a part of the category of "contributing friends," but it is not known what percentage of them continue to support the University. "I do not know how many hung on after the Subway Alumni Association was phased out," says Conklin. But they still fill a good portion of the seats in the Notre Dame stadium each fall, and still hold tender feelings for the University while otherwise remaining behind the scenes. About the existence of a formal organization for these people, Suddes remarks, "Maybe its time came and went—maybe it will come back."

JAZZING UP THE NAZZ

by Theresa Rebeck

Wednesday night, 8:55, the basement of La Fortune Student Center. A few students are sitting at the tables scattered around the room, talking in murmurs, while a few others study. At one end of the room, on an improvised stage, a group of seven student musicians prepare to entertain; they are testing and tuning their instruments carefully. Suddenly, all of the lights except for the blue and yellow stage spots go out. The drummer snaps his fingers quickly, rhythmically, and the audience is silent. The drummer, guitarists, and pianist simultaneously begin to play, and over the sound of a shivering, silvery cymbal and the flowing, mellow notes of the piano, the tall, seriously handsome young flutist intones, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to Jazz at the Nazz."

The Nazz is a coffeehouse located in the basement of La Fortune Student Center which is open weeknights 9 p.m. to 11 p.m. and weekends 9 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Although the Nazz has been a campus institution for three or four years now, it has taken on a new life and importance in the past months. Matt Feeney and Carl Casazza, regular performers at the Nazz, say that the reason for the sudden boom in business is better publicity, a better budget, and ultimately, better management.

Enrique Lulli, a junior Electrical Engineering major, is the manager of the Nazz. Lulli took over this position mid-semester in spring of 1977 and clamped down on a loosely structured, problematic organization. The result is a tight, efficient operation headed up by Lulli and five submanagers which keeps the Nazz open and running smoothly several nights a week.

Jazz at the Nazz continues. As the evening wears on, more and more spectators arrive until they are seated all over the floor and standing in the back of the room. Feet

tap, heads nod, the whole room moves in rhythm with the music.

"Jazz at the Nazz was definitely a good idea," says Lulli. Fr. George Wiskirchen came to him at the beginning of the year and asked if the Jazz Bands could perform there on Wednesdays. Lulli agreed: every Wednesday is now Jazz at the Nazz.

Fr. Wiskirchen, director of Notre Dame Jazz Bands, says that Jazz at the Nazz is actually a holdover from the Jazz at Nine program of two or three years ago. The Jazz Bands used to play upstairs in La Fortune, but when the building was redecorated there was no longer a place for them — so they moved to the basement. Wiskirchen thinks that Jazz at the Nazz has been a necessary part of the Jazz Band program this year. "It gives us a place to play, which we need on a regular basis, so it's important to us." Lulli thinks it's great. "Except for Jules Thompson, the Jazz Bands are our biggest attraction."

Jules Thompson's act has perhaps been most often described as "energetic." He sits at the piano and plays requests for the audience any of the songs he knows, and even some he doesn't know — at times he suddenly starts singing, "and yut-da-da-da, and I don't know these words. . . ." The room is packed. There are 350, maybe 400 students crowded in, seated all over the floor, standing up against the walls. The air is hot, thick, and stifling; the atmosphere is electric. The performer sings, sparkles, tells jokes, does impersonations, winks at the audience. The crowd loves it.

Thompson's award-winning act (he took first place on *The Gong Show* a few months ago) began forming itself when he was two years old, doing impersonations of Jimmy Durante. By the time he was five, he was impersonating cartoon characters (Snagglepuss, Yogi Bear) and since then, his repertoire has grown. Last year, Lulli heard him

playing the piano at Darby's Place and asked him to put together an act for the Nazz. Since then, an overwhelmingly positive response from the frequenters of the Nazz has kept him coming back.

For Thompson, playing at the Nazz is just one step in a process which he hopes will someday lead to a career as a professional entertainer. Two other regular performers at the Nazz, Matt Feeney and Carl Casazza, have also found their involvement there taking them in new directions in the entertainment field.

Feeney and Casazza perform with Steve Podry at the Nazz several times a semester, and they describe their act as "different." They play soft rock and folk music, but they also try to throw in "gimmicks," "... little whistles and funny songs — it keeps the show from getting boring," says Feeney. Their most appealing number, "Dead Surfer Girl," is a take-off of old 50s surfer songs. The hero of the song wakes up at the beach to find that his girlfriend is out drowning in the ocean, and as she's going down, they sing, "And I'll never forget her dying words." Feeney then gargles a glass of water. Feeney laughs and Casazza grins. "Everybody loves it," he reports.

The Nazz has in a sense served as midwife to the birth of Ringo and Jester, the brainchildren of Casazza and Feeney. As Ringo and Jester, the campus minstrels, Feeney and Casazza rent themselves out to anyone who can put traveling musicians to work. They serenade young women, sing birthday greetings, or simply wander around campus, bundled up in trench coats and blankets, stopping to play for anyone who will listen. A small crowd of young women gathers; two young men watch from a distance as they sing a simple, melodic folk song. Their harmony is exact. They finish and one tips his hat slightly. "Thank you, ladies," he says, and they turn and wander off slowly.

Ringo and Jester usually have assignments on campus, but occasionally they do play in South Bend. Over the October break, they even found themselves performing in St. Louis bars. So far, they say, their enterprise has been successful.

Ringo and Jester do more than serenade, however. "We're planning

something kind of special," says Casazza. "In fact, very special. There's going to be a Christmas show at the Nazz." The program, titled "Ringo and Jester present Christmas Jazz," involves forty people working with music, poetry, skits, and other types of festivities, and is being planned for December 10.

Then there's open stage night: the room is bare. There are perhaps six students scattered about the small, darkened auditorium. A lone guitarist wails a mournful melody and

"Sure, let me go get it." He saunters over to the back room and Gene sets his guitar back. "I'm gonna relinquish the stage here. . . ."

The audience is down to four people; Gene makes it five. The new performer grins wildly and strums a chord. "This is my theme song," he claims. "Gene's gettin' sick and tired of it." He twangs his way through a quick, raucous melody, and says with a smile, "That's my favorite song — it's your typical American love song to a can of beer."

The typical open stage night features four or five performers who

admission, and it's usually open five or six nights a week.

"We're not trying to make a profit," Lulli claims. "And everyone who works here is a volunteer. These people work here because they enjoy it, just like any other extracurricular activity."

The Nazz does serve food, which is conveniently accessible, cheap (a can of Coke for a quarter), and good. Lulli claims to serve some of the best pizza on campus. His prices are low because he doesn't have to make a profit — the Nazz gets its money from the Student Union Social Commission, and they operate on a budget that is almost total loss. They come out even on the food, but the expenses that go out for equipment, publicity and bringing in outside entertainment are not recovered.

Although the Nazz has been running fairly smoothly with its increased budget and structured management, it is not without its problems. Last semester, Notre Dame security almost closed it because so many students brought alcohol with them when they came down for some entertainment. Another problem is a bit more impersonal. "All those columns," Lulli grimaces at the posts that support the ceiling. "Oh, God, how I wish I could get rid of them. They're in everybody's way." The solution, obviously, can come only when the building is renovated, something Lulli hopes for soon.

In spite of these difficulties, the Nazz has been undeniably successful this year. Still, Lulli thinks it has not yet achieved its full potential. "There's so much talent on this campus. I know there are many people who would be great at the Nazz who don't even think about it." He hopes to draw out some of this talent next semester with a campus-wide competition to see which hall has the best act. He also hopes that the newly established reputation of the Nazz will attract new performers.

"The Nazz is something the students are doing for themselves," Lulli speaks earnestly. "It gives musicians a place to play, and it gives everyone something to do on weekends." He leans back and grins. "This campus can be really boring. The Nazz is doing something about that."



beats out a series of harsh, solid chords. He sits on the edge of a yellow cushioned chair in the middle of a huge clutter of amps, mikes, and guitar cases with his eyes closed, absorbed by the music. The blue stage lights glint off his guitar brilliantly. He finishes, and there is a smattering of applause, about as much as six pairs of hands can muster.

"Isn't Fogelberg great?" he asks enthusiastically. "That's a good song."

"What album is that from?" The question floats in from the depths of the dark house.

"Um, let me see, that's from . . ." The performer's voice trails off as he tries to find the fact in his memory.

People continually pass through the blackness of the auditorium to and from a back room where a few students study diligently. One of them waves to the guitarist with a familiar gesture. "Hey, Gene," he shouts.

"Hey, Jim — oh, I didn't bring my other guitar."

"I did."

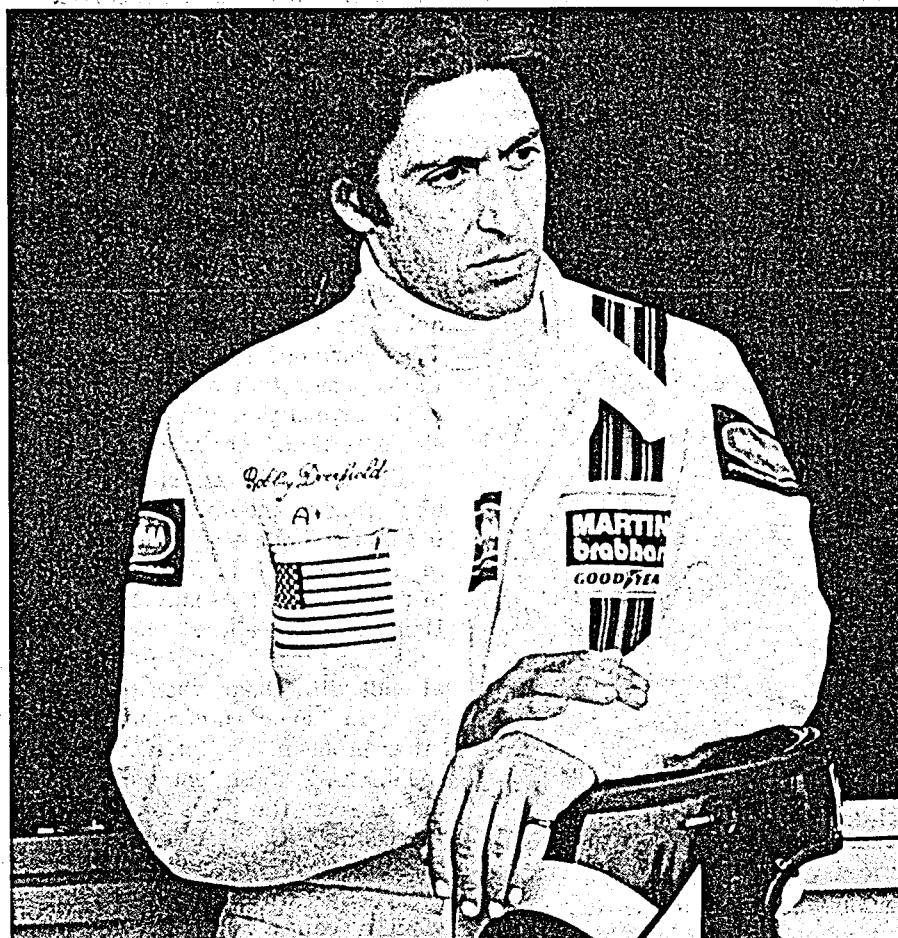
"Do you want to play?"

play to an audience of 15 or 20 students. The type of student who takes part in this aspect of the Nazz is a competent musician, the type of person who comes to the Nazz at the last minute and brings his friends. He could want to try out his songs with a small audience before attempting a major program. Gene Barbanera plays regularly on open stage nights because he doesn't have enough material for a whole two-hour program but he likes to perform. "It's fun," he says, "and it's nice to have a chance to show people what I can do."

Open stage night is only one of the many unique policies the Nazz has instigated this year. Most other coffeehouses, such as Leo's Coffeehouse at the University of Cincinnati, the Nameless Coffeehouse at Harvard University, and Fat Albert's at Washington University, require auditions of those who would like to play. Leo's Coffeehouse and The Pied Piper at Xavier University both charge admission. Of all of these examples, the only one that has entertainment on weeknights is the Nameless Coffeehouse at Harvard. The Nazz requires no audition, no

Film Review

by Pete Smith



Who is Bobby Deerfield?
Who is Al Pacino?

These two questions become almost interchangeable after having watched Al Pacino evolve through a series of selected cinematic and dramatic roles which he has assumed to the point of total absorption and shed like the molting skin of a reptile.

The range of characters Pacino has portrayed is wide, with only the slight threads of societal non-conformity, lonely independence, and almost hyper-active intensity drawing them near each other. On screen, Pacino has moved from a coolly dominant Mafia chief ("The Godfather"), to a New York cop who confronts and stands against the rooted corruption in the city ("Serpico"), to a confused homosexual bank robber ("Dog Day Afternoon"). On stage, Pacino has played "Richard III," the perversely mani-

pulative madman who insures England's moral ruin, and most recently he has appeared in the title role of David Rabe's stunning drama about the Vietnam war, "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel," playing a bumbling, zealous young recruit who gets blown to bits holding a grenade in his hands.

The focus of this review is on **Bobby Deerfield**, Pacino's new movie, but it is important to have the Method actor's other roles in mind to gain a full and proper appreciation of the new face of his art. How can Pacino move, without any apparent strain, from a crazed man near collapse in "Dog Day Afternoon" to a Grand Prix driver with an icily impenetrable mystique which he carries across Europe as Bobby Deerfield? Pacino eludes type-casting. Similarly, the characters he plays remain elusive. There is an immediate, compelling attraction with the paradox of a homosexual

bank robber driving back an army of encroaching police by coaxing the crowd to a roar of "Attica, Attica!" as well as with the more seriously disturbing scene of an American race car driver speeding across a foreign continent evading everyone and everything that might lend shape or meaning to his life.

It is the evocative refinement of this elusiveness which has caused most of the controversy and confusion over **Bobby Deerfield**. Vincent Canby, film critic for the *New York Times*, called it a "big, expensive, ultimately ridiculous movie that appears to have been constructed to be a 'Love Story' on wheels." My own view tells me that is precisely what the film is *not*. Despite an outward frame of events that is similar, the overflowing sentimentality which pervades "Love Story" has obviously been painfully exorcized from **Bobby Deerfield**. The result is a numbness which goes beyond personal pathos and demands broader attention. The death of Lillian (Marthe Keller) does not even make it on to film, nor is it mentioned; it must be assumed. Bobby's world does not end; it is clear that he will continue his running—unlike the future that must be envisioned for "Love Story's" Oliver, a consumptive dead end.

But neither is **Bobby Deerfield** the story of a man who is able to overcome personal trauma and bounce back unscathed. He develops a mature sense of resignation in the course of the film. Determined to find out the cause of an accident which has killed the driver of a car identical to his own, Bobby impetuously goes over film of the accident, visits a victim in a hospital hundreds of miles away, analyzes the wreck, and disassembles his own car, carefully studying individual mechanisms. The cause of the wreck remains elusive, however, and Deerfield himself suffers a blazing wreck from which he narrowly manages to escape. Bobby's cold self-assurance is shaken by this accident as well as by Lillian's impulsive intensity which allows her to just as easily float

away in a hot air balloon with a stranger than be bothered playing with the aloofness of an internationally recognized figure. Bobby's relationship with the terminally ill Lillian involves a resignation to come down from his exalted position and realize that he is not acquiring another woman who will kiss his gloves with solemn obedience before every race like his present mistress. His choice of becoming involved with a dying woman includes a further, more serious, resignation. The ponderous weight of this resignation, however, is transforming and carries with it a commitment to life that overcomes whatever accompanying pain.



Bobby Deerfield is real; it is not a "beautiful people" movie. In a way, Bobby and Lillian make an odd couple; Lillian is taller, irritatingly quizzical, and flighty, while Bobby is vulnerably egotistical and one-dimensional. The essentially pragmatic Deerfield handles Lillian's questions on ultimate beliefs with a casual abruptness that shows their foreign nature to him:

"Do you believe in magic?" "No."
"Destiny" "No."

"There is no plan unless, of course, you believe in God."

"Do you believe in God?" "No."

Neither has anyone really close to them, and neither really cares; Lillian is preoccupied with taking in to her senses all the human experience she can in the acknowledgement of her imminent death, and Bobby is narrowly concerned with his own wandering. They are curiously alienated from each other and from the

world; what they find in their relationship is a delicately balanced sanity which lends meaning and lyrical flow to their otherwise meaningless motion.

Bobby is the one who gains the most from their brief encounter, growing out of his insulated being, however slightly, by his involvement with the dying woman's ebullient freedom from self-pity. At her bedside in the sanatorium, Bobby sings with Lillian, "Boo hoo, you've got me crying for you/someday you'll feel like I do," and somehow their singing transcends tears, extracting the essence of the emotion and resigning to it. As on the screen, there are few tears in the audience but

rather what must be a growing experience of the movie's resignation to life in the modern world.

At the movie's end, Bobby travels south from Switzerland on the same railroad car carrier, going through the same tunnel as he did when he took Lillian home to Florence earlier in the film. He looks the same—passive, unemotional, detached—but the film's imagination has expanded him and partially defined him by recounting this one experience of growth that the relationship with Lillian represents. The original journey demands to be recalled by Bobby's obvious travel of the identical route and by the dulled pain of Lillian's noticeable absence. With all the wonderful naiveté of expectation and certain estrangement inevitably involved in getting to know a foreigner, Lillian's first questions are still too dumbly personal ("Are there many homosexuals in New-

ark?"), and her chatter is ceaseless. But beneath all her restless movement, Lillian's reaching out to Bobby on that first trip is fundamentally human, not romantic. Her entreatment of him to join her in a primal scream going through the railroad tunnel is an effort to penetrate Bobby's hard exterior shell in order to connect and be consoled with the basic isolation of every human being. By not joining her, Bobby offers a challenge to Lillian at a time when she has abandoned challenges for the positive reinforcement of immediate connections.

When Bobby goes through the tunnel alone at the end, the imagination of the audience wants him to scream in human outrage, as Pavlo Hummel does at the end of David Rabe's drama. Bobby slips beautifully away from expectation, however, and refrains from screaming, the tension inside him coming through as a mature acceptance of mortality. The film keeps Bobby from dramatic outward changes in character, rather, his relationship with Lillian resonates within him and is communicated cinematically to the audience.

The final scene is a freeze of a snapshot of Bobby and Lillian that an American couple took in return for Bobby taking their picture at a scenic overlook. A rush of associations are called up, the motion is stopped. Bobby Deerfield, the successful American fleeing his past, when asked for an address where the picture could be sent, makes a simple effort to connect his past to his present and says clearly, after some hesitation: "Robert Deerfield, 2162 Bank Street, Newark, New Jersey." The movie comes together in this printed picture; the audience is able to identify the two people and know their relationship from the events in the film. Most importantly in the film's imagination, Bobby is able to know himself in the picture that is presented through the movie. This sincere evocation is all the movie attempts; a final exquisite portrait. The concluding four lines of Robert Lowell's "Epilogue" in his last book of poetry, "Day by Day," capture the film's intention in words:

We are poor passing facts,
warned by that to give
each figure in the photograph
his living name.

Longhorns Stampede to Cotton Bowl

by Ray O'Brien

"We are not ready at this point to be a contender." This was one of the first comments Fred Akers made to the press after taking over the reins of the Texas Longhorns from Darrell Royal last year.

"I find it incredible that we won the Southwest Conference championship, that we are ranked number one in the nation, that we are going to the Cotton Bowl and that I am the quarterback." These were the first words from the mouth of Randy McEachern after the Texas Longhorns trampled Texas A&M in their regular season finale.

The Lone Star team has come a long way since their opening game September 10th, and the most surprised people would have to be Akers and McEachern. People predicted an end to a double-barreled era in the Southwest Conference. Darrell Royal and Frank Broyles were leaving their respective posts at Texas and Arkansas after illustrious terms as college coaches. However, both were going out with identical 5-5-1 records. These marks are mediocre to most coaches but to these two mentors they are a drastic slip as most Southern fans did not realize there could be a SWC race without Texas and Arkansas until Texas Tech and Houston tied for the title in 1976.

The SWC race was expected to be a rerun of the previous year with the Aggies from Texas A&M also entering into the picture. Texas was a unanimous choice for fourth place. These predictions were well founded as Akers inherited a very young team with seven returning offensive starters and only four defensive regulars from the 1976 squad. The new coach warned supporters, "Our

weaknesses are our lack of depth and overall youth."

Nevertheless, Akers went to work to make the best of what he had and to build for the future. What the ex-Wyoming coach has done in one year at Texas has made God's seven day creation of the universe look like kid's play. The first thing the one-time Royal aid proceeded to do was show he was his own man by changing from the Wishbone offense to the Veer and I-formations. After watching their pride and joy run over teams for 29 years under Darrell Royal's Wishbone, Longhorn fans could barely recognize their team except for the burnt orange uniforms. Akers also threw in some new names on defense just to keep everyone confused.

Texas was going to have to come up with something to survive a schedule that included four teams who were preseason ranked in the top twenty in the nation which does not even account for Arkansas which is presently ranked sixth nationally. What made it worse was that four of these five teams were from the Southwest Conference.

Akers at least got to start his career at Texas within the confines of home against a depleted Boston College squad, so most people were not surprised by a 44-0 opening romp. Sophomore quarterback Mark McBath did attract some stares with his accurate passing since Texas was famous for their ground attack. Freshman Jon Aune even came in to throw an 88-yard touchdown pass, a new school record. Earl Campbell showed signs of his sophomore All-American form after sitting out most of last year with various injuries (although he did not break

the 100-yard mark). Russell Erxleben added a 57-yard field goal, his eleventh career shot from 48 yards or longer.

A 68-0 shellacking of Virginia followed by a 72-15 rout against Rice put Texas in the top twenty but the Longhorns had not really been tested. Akers' undefeated streak was sure to end at three as Texas prepared for the number-two-ranked Sooners of Oklahoma. This is where McEachern's Cinderella story began. The Sooners took a 3-0 lead but seemed to have the game locked up because Texas lost McBath and Aune to injuries. It looked as though injuries would haunt the Longhorns as they did in 1976. Ironically, these injuries may have made the difference between a surprisingly good season and an unbelievable National Championship.

McEachern, who played in only one game previous to this unexpected appearance and spent last season on the injury list as a spotter in a broadcast booth, promptly guided his team 80 yards for the only touchdown of the game. This unlikely savior split the Sooner secondary with pinpoint passes and Campbell ended the drive with a twisting 24-yard run. Erxleben gave the Longhorns breathing room with legendary field goals of 58 and 64 yards, but the upset never would have been if Texas' underhanded defense did not pull off a goal line stand in the final four minutes.

If these heroics were not enough, Texas had to travel away to face another undefeated opponent in Arkansas. McEachern showed his debut performance was no fluke by engineering another 80-yard drive on three long passes with less than five minutes left in the game to erase a 13-6 deficit. The defense, led by four year starter and All-American tackle Brad Shearer, held the Razorbacks to three Steve Little field goals, and Texas' own Erxleben, not to be outdone by his cohort, booted two of his own (although one of Little's was a 67 yarder breaking Erxleben's NCAA record). This extended the defense's streak of not having a touchdown scored on them in five games. Campbell got in the thick of the Heisman Trophy race by carrying 34 times for 189 yards giving him the most career rushing

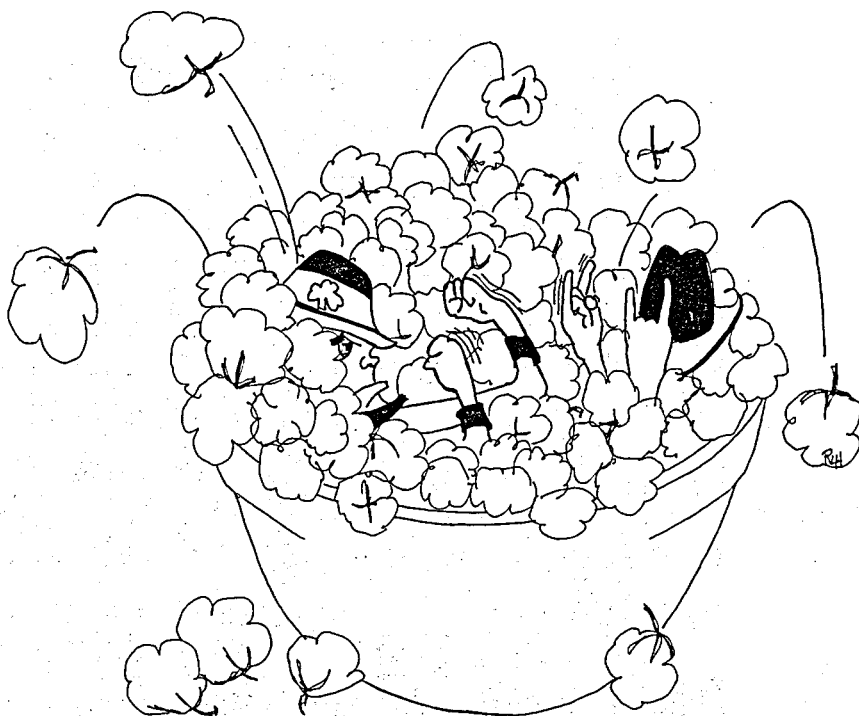
yards of any back in the Southwest Conference history.

Yes, Texas was for real and it looked as though no one was going to stop them now. Campbell's two touchdowns against Baylor ran up his season total to 15 and his career tally to 37, both University of Texas records. Alfred Jackson hauled in five passes in this contest to run his career mark to 67 receptions for 1,209 yards putting him into the Longhorn record books next to Campbell.

Irish fans prayed that Texas A&M would not pull off an upset in Texas' final game and ruin Notre Dame's possibility for the National Championship. Texas hardly needed any help from upstairs as they scored eight touchdowns against an Aggie defense that was supposed to rank with college's best. Campbell did most of the damage in his most outstanding collegiate performance running over, around, but mostly through A&M's front line picking up 222 yards in 27 carries, which was good enough to pass Charles Alexander (LSU) and Terry Miller (Okla. St.) for the NCAA rushing title. The Tyler, Texas, native also scored four touchdowns giving him the NCAA scoring title with a remarkable 114 points on the season. McEachern also had his finest game of the year tossing four TD passes in the 57-28 rout.

This leads up to a January 2nd matchup in the Cotton Bowl that Irish fans have dreamed about ever since their newly arisen Green and Gold clobbered USC. While everyone argues over the possible outcomes for the National Title, Dan Devine better be thinking of some way to stop the only undefeated team in the nation, or his holiday season is not going to be a happy one. The first chore is stopping that Heisman-to-be who averaged 159 yards per game during the regular season. Campbell has broken the 100-yard mark on the ground in every game but the opener, running his string to ten. On the other hand, Notre Dame's defense ranks third in the country against the rush allowing only one touchdown via the ground all season. Obviously, somebody's statistics are going to have to give.

The Irish cannot key on Campbell in the backfield because Texas has other threats. Johnny "Ham" Jones



happens to be one of those rare runningbacks that loves to block, but he is also capable of turning in star performances. McEachern is enjoying this fairy tale land he has been living in and has proven that he can throw and run with the premier college quarterbacks.

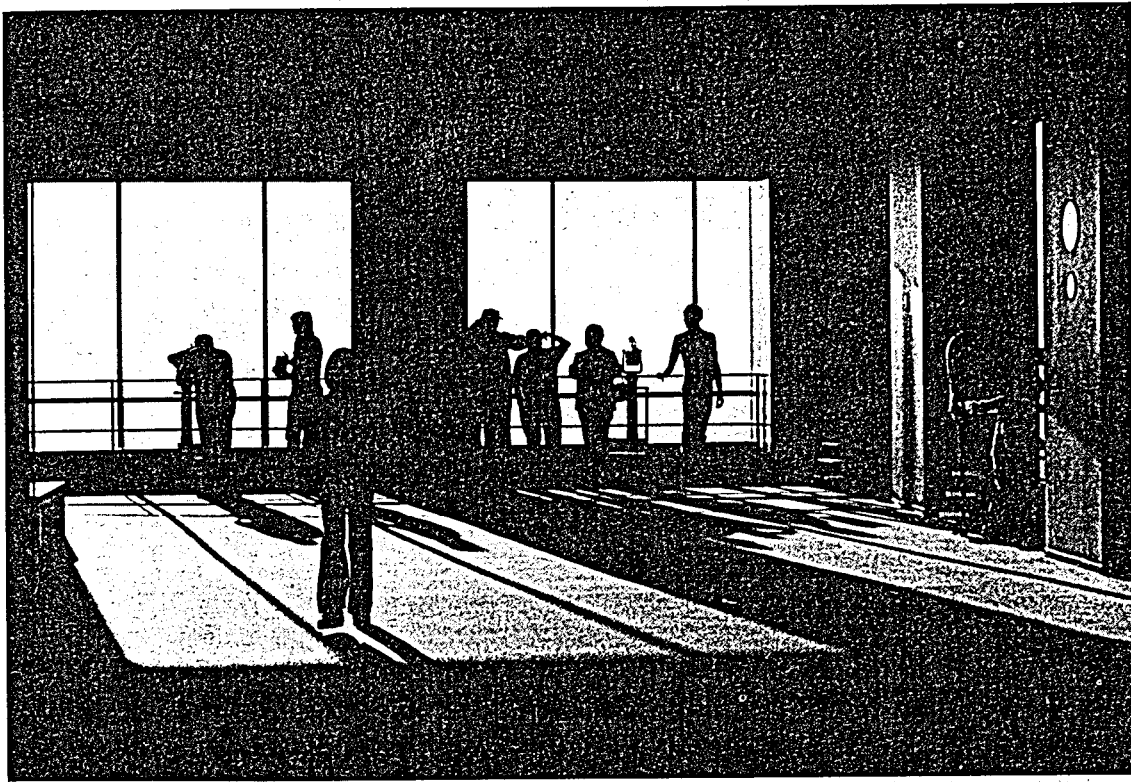
All-American Luther Bradley is going to have his hands full with Olympic sprinter Johnny "Ham" Jones, the fastest man in football, running fly patterns all afternoon. Russell Erxleben cannot be forgotten as he assures his team of an automatic three points anytime they get the ball to their opponent's 30-yard line (he also got back his NCAA record by tying Little's shot from 67 yards out). Erxleben, who doubles as the top punter in the country, was sidelined the last three games with a muscle pull but is sure to be back in frighteningly good health by the first week of 1978.

While Notre Dame has the best defensive lineman in college football in Ross Browner, Texas claims the second best in tackle Brad Shearer. While Notre Dame has given up the least amount of rushing touchdowns in 1977 (1 TD), Texas ranks second (3 TD's). The Longhorns also finished higher than the Fighting Irish

in total defense and scoring defense, ranking in the top ten in both categories. Aiding and abetting Shearer's heinous acts on the field are 255-pound tackle Steve McMichael and defensive end Tim Campbell. Two of the hardest hitting safeties in the country, Johnny Johnson and Ricky Churchman, roam the Longhorn secondary.

The Irish have appeared in bowl games in six of the last eight seasons, winning four of those six contests. Notre Dame has faced Texas twice, losing to the Longhorns in 1969. The last time Texas beat Oklahoma was in 1970 as they finished their regular season undefeated and ranked the top team in the country. The Longhorns again met a vengeful Ara Parseghian team in the Cotton Bowl and lost their National Championship hopes due to the 24-11 Irish upset. Historians will have us note that the Irish were the number five ranked team then also, and only moved up to the second spot in the UPI polls as number three ranked Nebraska snuck in the back door to the National Title. Irish fans hope that history will not repeat itself. They are looking for the front door.

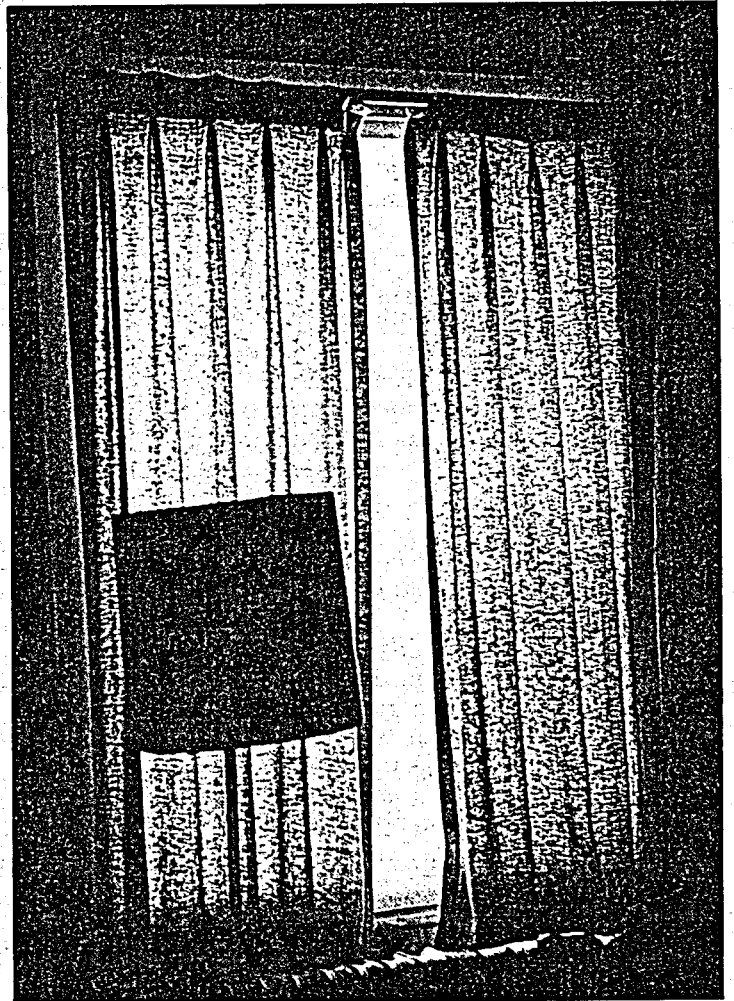




Gallery



Kim Huhta



Memoirs of a coach:

The Pride of Lyons

by Pete Goerner

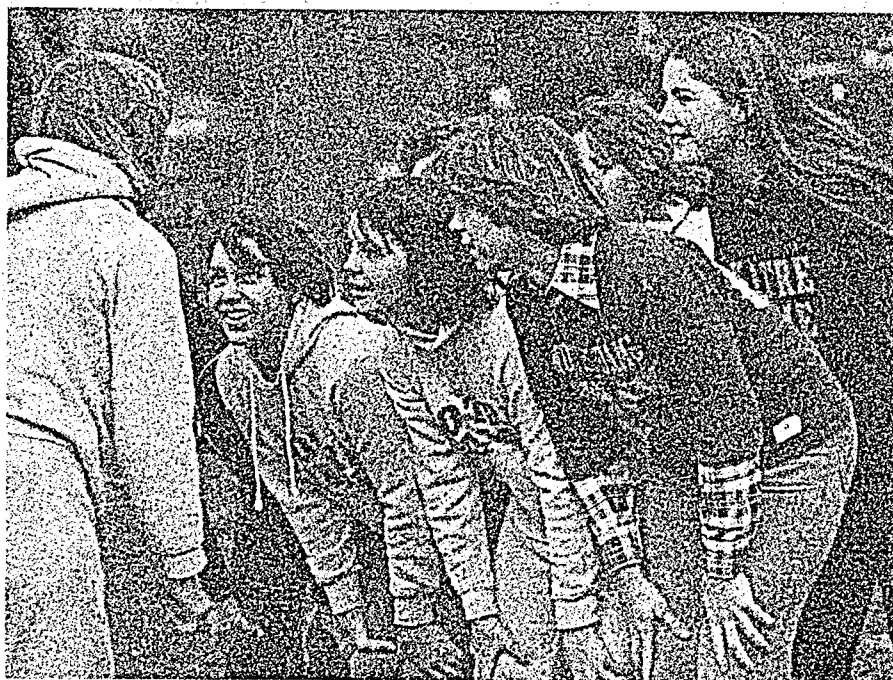
Football at Notre Dame. What can be written about it that hasn't already been written? What is left? Only women's flag football.

There is, however, a small problem of semantics. Is a girl who plays the line a lineperson? Or a linewoman? Certainly not a lineman. Linepeople? It turned out to be the least of my problems. This is the story of twenty-six girls and four guys, their season, and how I helped coach the Lyons Football Team.

My job was statistician, a job where I could presumably do the least damage to the team. Steve Thomas, the head coach, scheduled a meeting for all girls interested in playing for Lyons. We fortified ourselves with a few beers the night of the meeting, and ran over to Lyons to meet the team. There were about fifty girls waiting for us (we were late) and Steve immediately launched into a speech about the Lyons football tradition. After a brief explanation of what was required of the girls, we adjourned until the next Saturday for our first practice.

Steve needed help coaching, and he asked Terry Johnson, an R.A. in Pangborn, and Doug Almeida, a sophomore in Morrissey, to help out. With this crack coaching squad we looked forward to our first practice.

On the second Saturday of school we had our first workout at ten in the morning. Ten of our fifty girls have decided that a little more sleep is better than playing for dear Old Lyons Hall. Steve introduces Terry



and Doug and asks the girls to split up into offense and defense. Some of the girls move to one side or the other, but the majority of the girls look rather uneasy and don't move at all. It looks as though our plans for installing the Wishbone may have to wait until we can clear up the distinctions between offense and defense.

After explaining the fundamentals, we start some basic drills and the workout lasts two hours. At practice the next morning we are down to thirty-two girls willing to endure workouts. We end the season with twenty-six. For several weeks, we practice and practice, trying to get some timing on a few basic plays

and teaching everyone a few solid fundamentals. The line has to learn to block, the backs have to learn to take handoffs, and the defense has to learn how to grab flags.

Our first game is against Lewis, three weeks after the start of our practices. At our pregame meeting, Steve stresses the importance of being aggressive, making blocks, and concentrating on assignments. The girls give each of the coaches blue jerseys with the inscription LYONS FOOTBALL printed on the front and our nicknames on the back: Steve "I Want it Quick as Hell" Thomas; Terry "Backfield in Motion" Johnson; Dougie "Get Naked" Almeida, and myself — "Vital Stats."



We are a little hesitant when the girls suggest we wear them to the dining hall. We walk over to Cartier and warm up until eight, when our game starts.

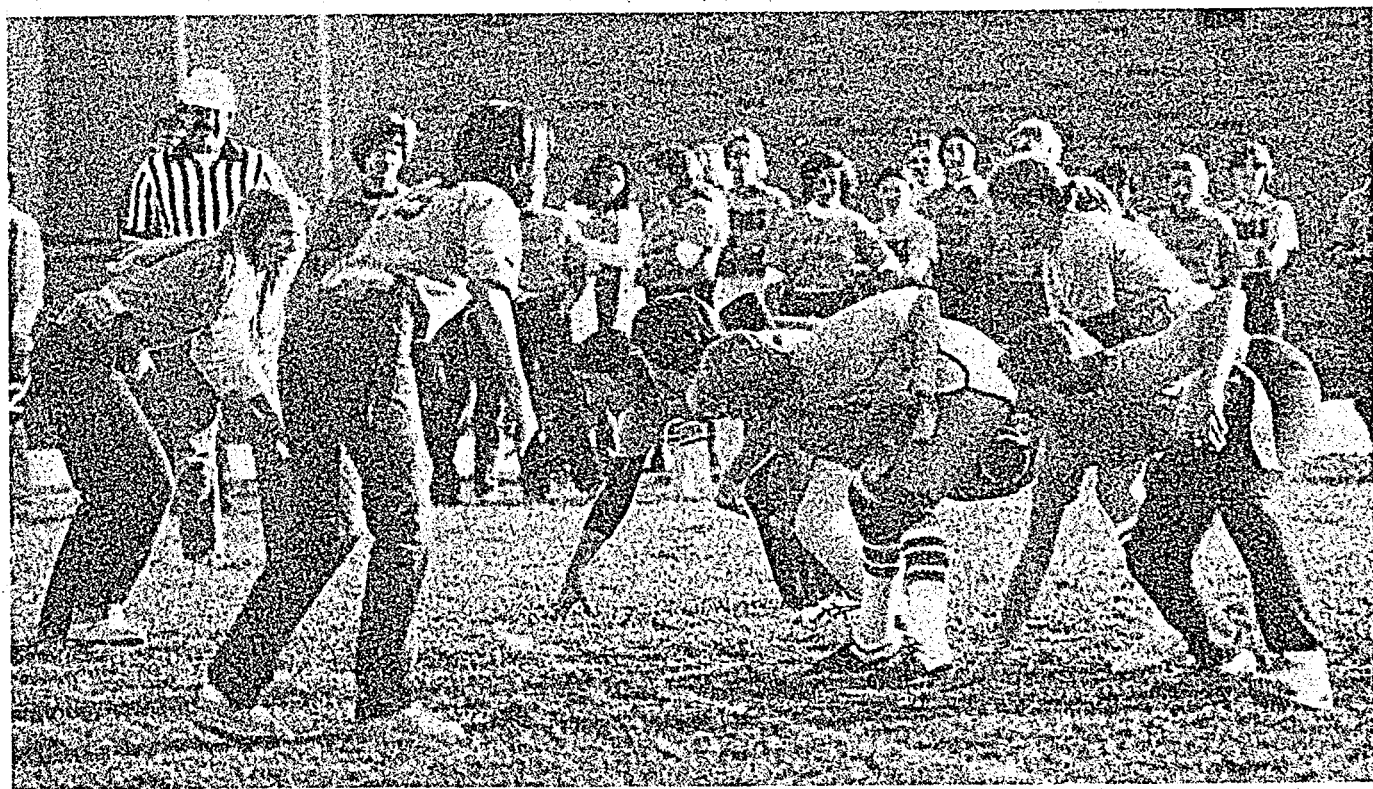
The girls are nervous, and Lewis burns us with a couple of long runs and a long kick return. Two of their touchdowns are called back on penalties, but they lead at the half, eight to nothing. Many of the girls look a little shell-shocked, since most of them are freshmen and haven't played before. The girls hit as hard as they can and some girls on our team haven't learned to dish out the type of punishment they are receiv-

ing. We tell the girls to go out and hit people in the second half, and we'll come back. Early in the second half, halfback Kathy McCann runs off the left side for a thirty-seven-yard score, but we miss the two-point try and trail eight to six. We can't score again, and Lewis holds on for the win.

Some of the girls are crying; everyone looks sad. We try to tell them that we have nine more games to go, that we'll come back, but not too many look convinced. Later the coaches are pretty worried. If all the other teams are as well prepared, it could be a long season.

We win our next three games, all by shutout. The defense is playing super, but the offense is inconsistent and unable to score more than one touchdown in any of our games. Our Fearsome Threesome front line of Molly McLaughlin, Dawn Miller, and Martha Anderson have a reputation around the league for being "primal." They love it. In one game we have only one yard rushing, in another, minus five yards passing. We are in no danger of breaking any offensive records, but we manage to win.

Our practices continue, and Steve can be heard across the lake from Holy Cross field where we practice. "Be quick! Blow through those holes! You gotta hit those girls!" Some of the girls get upset at practice because we're always yelling at them. Since we don't have a lot of players, the first string offense must play against the first string defense. No matter what happens, someone is going to get yelled at. Practices continue as we begin to work in some new plays on offense for our next game against Farley. Dawn Miller sprains her ankle in practice and is taken to the hospital in an ambulance. Injuries are taking their toll on our team. Karen Pierce, our center, is out with a twisted knee suffered in the Walsh game. Mary Blachowicz and Rae Mense are also out with injured knees.





Farley is our fifth opponent, and we take them too lightly. They roll for two touchdowns on good passing and runs to the outside. Once again the offense gets its one touchdown, but this time we lose twelve to eight. There are tears in our eyes as we run across the field to shake hands with the Farley team after the game. The loss puts us in a three-way tie for first, and a more serious frame of mind as we prep for our rematch against Lewis. The night before the game we hold a pep rally in the Lyons basement. Our emcee is Jivin' J.P.D., a D.J. from WSND, who appears dressed in a white tuxedo, and whips the partisan crowd into a frenzy. The team runs into the room and the co-captains, Cewa Sahm and Beth LaRocca, introduce all the players and the coaches. Finally, after several bizarre cheers, our guest speaker, football player Mark Pulawski, makes an inspiring speech about the rigors of playing football, and the team

leaves, ready for the rematch.

The rally works, as the offense comes from behind twice. The offense uses the big play twice, a sixty-one-yard reverse and a twenty-five-yard pass play, both to Michelle O'Haren for TDs. The final score is Lyons fourteen and Lewis twelve. The team is back in a good mood, everyone wants to see their statistics, and they're ready for their best showing of the season against Walsh.

We win our next two games, beating Walsh twenty-four to nothing, and Breen-Phillips fourteen to twelve with a last-minute sixty-seven-yard score by Michelle O'Haren. But the girls and the coaches are looking ahead to our second game with Badin.

Badin is our ninth game of the season, and they are tied with us for first place, with an identical six and two record. The game is extremely intense and dominated by the defenses. At the half, Badin leads eight to nothing. We come back

in the second half, with Beth Larocca scoring on a quarterback sneak, but the two-point try fails. We can't get close again, and the final score remains eight to six. This time there is no crying on the sidelines. The team realizes that it is beaten by a good team, and we look forward to playing them for the championship.

Farley is our final game of the season, and we work out for the game with a 7:00 a.m. practice, which I manage to sleep through. We beat Farley in overtime twelve to six and look ahead to the playoffs.

Our first-round opponent is Lewis, which has overcome a losing streak in the middle of the season to gain the playoffs. At our last practice we give all the players a rose and thank them for working so hard throughout the season. Badin has to play B.P., and most people thought that we would play Badin for the championship. Someone forgot to tell B.P. and Lewis. In the first game, B.P. shuts down the Badin offense and scores two touchdowns for a fourteen to nothing win. The temperature is in the twenties, with a fifteen-mile-an-hour wind and it is snowing. The referees can't find the yard lines under the snow. Everyone is freezing, and the footing is as good as on an ice rink.

We start out playing fairly well on offense, but can't put the ball in the end zone. Lewis manages one drive with its score coming on a run up the middle. As the game wears on, our backs frequently slip and fall for losses.

The second half is more of the same, except that Lewis starts slipping as much as we do. The final score comes as we fumble a pitchout deep in our territory, and Lewis tackles Michelle O'Haren in the end zone for a safety. The game runs out, and Lewis is the winner and eventual champion, ten to nothing.

We walk off the field very slowly, remembering all the good times we had as a team, and I murmur to one of the girls, "I guess it just wasn't meant to be." But it was a hell of a lot of fun.

Peter Goerner is a senior government major, station manager of WSND, and wishes to apologize to all the girls on the team that didn't get mentioned.

People At ND



The Bells of St. Mary's. An oft heard jingle. Well now, music lovers, get ready. Announcing: THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME. But you've heard bells here before, you say. Yes, but certainly not melodies, tunes, harmonies!

Two music students, Jerry Jacobitz and John Colligan, are the main reasons that the music of bells once again flows throughout the campus. These two aspiring organists are presently devoting their time to a more unique musical instrument, the carillon located in the Sacred Heart Church tower.

For the first time in many years, the carillon has been made available for use. University Organist and Music Professor Sue Seid-Martin has assumed responsibility for the carillon, thought to be the oldest operating carillon in the country.

Jacobitz, a junior double-majoring in Music and Philosophy from Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Colligan, a fifth year Music and Anthropology double-major from Hampton, Virginia, have volunteered their musical skills to Professor Seid-Martin and are now the principal performers on the carillon. Jacobitz developed an interest in bells several years ago and has played an electric carillon and performed in a handbell choir in his hometown. "Everybody loves bells," chimed Jacobitz when asked the reason for his initial interest in the subject.

"I just have a predilection for unusual musical instruments," joked Colligan. Musicology is a major avocation of the carillonneur.

The musical background of the two men has enabled them to learn to play the carillon fairly easily. Twenty-three wooden keys with wires extending upward to twenty-three various sizes and shapes of bells comprise the carillon which can be heard throughout the campus.

Hymns are normally played on Sunday mornings and a few Irish ditties emanated from the carillon on football Saturdays this fall. Jerry Jacobitz and John Colligan will be at the keyboard this Christmas season to toll a few carols for the Notre Dame community.



by Tom Westphal

Who foots the bill when an unsuspecting Domer falls and breaks his Achilles on an ice-laden sidewalk? Who pays the expenses when a boiler in an Engineering lab explodes? These and many other questions are answered every day by the University's Insurance Officer, Charles Reddy.

After graduating from the Notre Dame Law School in 1940, Mr. Reddy practiced law and worked in the insurance field until he assumed his present position in 1963.

As the Insurance Officer of Notre Dame, Reddy's job, as he puts it, is "to coordinate all the necessary insurance coverages for the university, evaluate them, provide specifications, and consult with insurance brokers and companies regarding insurance policies and available coverages."

Charles Reddy, in conjunction with the University, has instituted the "Manuscript Concept" here—an insurance contract in the four areas of general liability, automobile, workmen's compensation, and property that was specifically tailored to serve the insurance objectives of Notre Dame. He also handles insurance coverage on bonds, burglary, boilers, fine arts, and summer camp.

The various colleges and departments in the University come to the insurance officer for all-risk insurance coverage. Mr. Reddy will make sure that every computer, video recorder, or accelerator is properly insured.

In answer to a student's common question on insurance, Reddy states that the student's own policy (be it Blue Cross-Blue Shield or Notre Dame's student insurance plan, which he highly recommends) will cover a Michiana mishap such as falling on ice.

The University had to pay all the room and hall damages which resulted from the Morrissey Hall fire earlier this semester, for the school's property insurance plan is subject to a large deductible.

When asked why he decided to work for Notre Dame Reddy comments that he "likes the academic life." In addition to handling numerous insurance programs and problems, Reddy also gives lectures on insurance and teaches in the Free University.

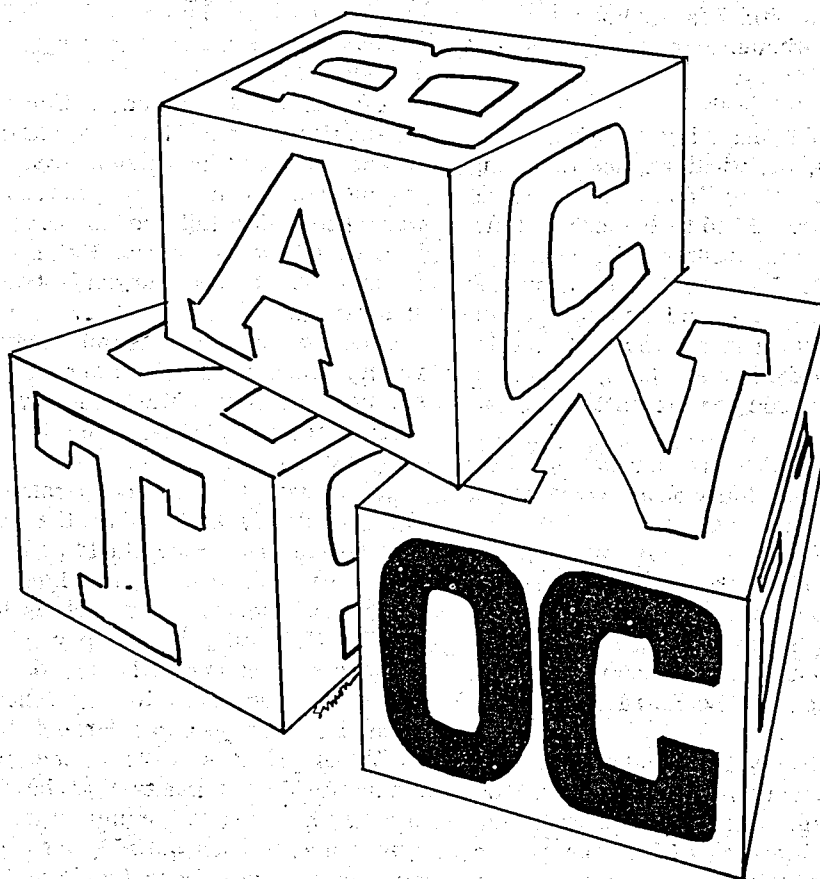
Off-Campus Primer

by Cole Finegan

I sat down tonight to write a short piece of competent fiction but, somehow, I don't think I'll do that. Oh, it's not that I lack ideas. Ask any of my friends and they'll attest to an imaginative, if slightly twisted, mind in this ill-managed carcass. I could draw a tale of love won and lost among the now-barren trees of du Lac; I could carve an epic adventure concerning the inexorable fates of chemists struggling through eighteen hours a semester and two five-hour chem labs; I could dwell on the story of an estranged teacher-student relationship reconciled through a mutual understanding of the complexity of the academic experience—but I don't think I'll do that. Instead, I think I'll be very ambitious tonight and put my impressions of Off-Campus Life into a very loose, hardly definitive PRIMER. It's not that I consider myself the official chronicler of OC experiences; in fact, there are many incidences and arrangements that I never witness. But there are a few I do see. . . . So, all of you juniors frothing at the mouths to get away from that mundane Campus lifestyle, gather up your BIG CHIEF tablets and pay attention. Remember, the folks want facts before they put up the bucks.

A—A is for Aging. Be prepared to sacrifice the body in this intense year of tenement occupation. Usual hours will range from late morning to early morning, depending on your soft schedule, incredible alcohol intake, reserved space for air at Corby's, and past undergraduate partying experiences. The spirit is willing, but the flesh often all too weak. A summer in the bars should be a good prep for this.

B—B is for Burglars. Locate your neighborhood felon as soon as you're nestled in the neighborhood



and get to know one another. He'll be a frequent caller, especially during home football games and vacations. Save him the bother of tearing up the house by pointing out the television and stereos. Also quote current retail prices; his fence and he will both thank you.

C—Catastrophe. Some starry-eyed fools will call this dinner, but we true OC'ers (as we like to be called) know this evening ritual by its true appellation. Operating on a limited budget and even more limited skills, you'll learn the true flexibility of peanut butter and hamburger in the dietary plan. Save yourself a lot of trouble and take in the pants over the summer.

D—Drugs . . . Caught your eye, didn't I? I realize many druggies believe OC offers uninterrupted bliss in this category but . . . like wow, man, it's true. However, be sure your hip neighbor is not an undercover cop who watches *Dragnet* reruns. Also, tell Mom the bong she found on the last visit is a Japanese flute you picked up in San Francisco.

E—Eccentricities. Funny how you never noticed John likes to take 90-minute showers while you were such good friends in Dillon. Strange how George prefers to get all the gang together for all-night boogie sessions during the week. Notice how Don, the premedder with 8 rejection slips, has taken to locking himself in the closet for days at a time.

F—Fooling around. Unfortunately, this does not necessarily increase with a change in address. The girls are just as uninterested in your waterbed and etchings at the house as they were in your paneling at the dorm. Interestingly enough, that intimate dinner had to be called off when the stove malfunctioned again and your date won the Sylvia Plath look-a-like contest.

G—Groupies. Yes, there is such a class abounding in South Bend. They love to descend on your 20-kegger, break a couch, spill some beer, put out a butt on the rug, and split to "the big one on St. Louis, y'know, Bob's place." Ask some football players and cheerleaders to the next party and pick your favorites.

H—H is for Home. This is your castle, your place to get away from it all no matter what the Board of Sanitation called it. Be it a cubicle over Mrs. Ziggabroski's garage or a Milliken special, there is no such place like home.

I—Indigestion. (See **C**) Keep the Roloids, Alka-Seltzer, Brioski, and Pepto-Bismol handy for those times that Jack's specialty is a little lacking. You really can't believe you ate a sardine sandwich, bag of Oreos, and polished it off with a cold B, can you?

J—Juice as in NIPSCO. It takes a lot of it to heat even your little hovel in a South Bend winter. Save up old *Observers* and *Scholastics* to start a bonfire in the living room—around early November.

K—K is for Kitsch. Bad taste is always the height of fashion at OC housing. Every piece of trash your mother or the Salvation Army doesn't want ends up in your house. By the way, 14-foot tapestries of *Life on the Isabella* make great conversation pieces.

L—LAND (SLUM) LORD. Be prepared to sign your life and last vestiges of civilized living over to this sucker. A bill is currently under consideration

in the Indiana State Senate which will make a lie detector test mandatory procedure for all student housing negotiations. He just forgot to tell you about the pack of mice that move in each winter or the toilet that flushes every other time; invite him over to your end of the year "Raze the House" party. Maybe it'll help his memory next time.

M—Money. Like sands in the hour glass, so goes the cash in your days of OC survival.

N—N is for Nothing Ever Gets Done in the way of schoolwork. Ah yes, it's just like being in high school again. TV, nice comfy couch to veg on . . .

O—Ostentatious. Flaunt your hard-earned status. Always carry a knapsack, drift around LaFortune, and pompously discuss the virtues of OC life to awestruck freshmen at parties: "Yeah, it just got to be too big a hassle in the dorm. Always sneaking those chicks out at 3 AM, having to turn people away from our parties . . ."

P—Parties. Big ones with deleterious effects on house, mind, and body. Twenty seconds in the planning, eight hours in the process, and three months in the pickup.

Q—Quixotic is the only adjective to describe the search for meaning in your newfound state. You'll travel the taverns and the back roads, only to end up in jail.

R—Rent is a life and death matter once a month. Make a list of all soft touches at the beginning of the semester (Sis, Mom, Uncle Frank, etc.) and check down the list as your state of dissipation increases.

S—Sleep will come in spurts, depending on which month this is. September and May promise little—stock up on the few in between.

T—Typing can lead to problems such as the one encountered by one of my housemates. Heeding threats to rip his heart out, he fled to his car one early morn to type in the front seat, skillfully employing a flashlight while balancing the machine on his lap. He called about 4 AM from the SBPD, begging for bail and character references. Apparently, several of Michiana's "finest" had accosted him in his car and charged the whippersnapper with intent to use a typewriter in a lewd and licentious manner. "C'mon punk, what do you think you're doing to that poor thing? What are you on, boy?"

U—Unemployed. See **B** since most in this category will fall under this heading as well.

V—Vegetable will best describe your state of being as at the end of this cosmic awakening in the wild regions of South Bend.

W—Wasted. See **A**, **D**, **I**, **P**, and **S**, and **V**.

X—Xenogenesis as in spontaneous generation as in the strange mold growing out of the bathtub and shower curtains. Put a bit in the culture jar and alert the biology department; maybe you've discovered a miracle drug for athlete's foot.

Y—Y is for Yard. Yours will be the bane of the neighborhood. They'll cut the grass right up to it, rake the leaves right up to it, and cry for joy when the snows come so they don't have to look at it.

Z—Zero, onus, nought, goose egg. This is the amount of cash you will leave with when your college days are done. Ah, but what memories.

The most popular sport in the United States is baseball; at Notre Dame football reigns supreme, but the biggest sport in the world is soccer. Not only is soccer the most popular sport on earth, but it is also one of the fastest growing. Evidence of this is the formation of a new professional soccer league, the NASL. One man is primarily responsible for this newfound interest in soccer throughout North America—Pele. The name Pele is just as common to sports enthusiasts nationwide as is Ruth, Orr, or Rockne. The rest of the nation has kept its eye on the black and white ball, and Notre Dame is no exception.

Soccer had been around at Notre Dame for as long as anyone can remember. It did not become organized until 1963 when it became a club sport under Dominick Napolitano, director of non-varsity sports. Still, it had just "been around" until Richard Hunter took over as head coach. The soccer team petitioned for varsity status last December, and the Board of Athletics under Rev. Edmund Joyce, C.S.C., forwarded varsity status to the soccer team on September 28th of this year.

As distant as Pele and professional soccer seem to the relatively small program at Notre Dame, Hunter feels that there was a spreading effect. He explains, "As pro leagues attract more fans and become profitable in the world of sports, soccer at the lower levels will also grow."

The advantage of being awarded varsity status at first would seem completely monetary but Hunter sees a more important factor. "The most important benefit is the Notre Dame monogram. It means a lot to the kids now and will be appreciated even more later on." The material luxuries of a varsity sport, however, cannot be ignored.

A club sport in the past received \$900 (this year it was raised to \$1200). Hunter indicates that the proposed budget for next year had a bottom line of \$10,000. This year the soccer program received limited funds due to the fact that the current athletic budget was formed long before varsity status was granted. This year the soccer team raised money, as they have in the past. "We are charging 50c admis-

Alive And Kicking

by Ray O'Brien

sion to this year's contests and that along with the programs sold and revenue from hot dog stands will supplement any other funds we receive," explains Hunter. The soccer team also receives some moneys from Napolitano's club sport budget.

Another added bonus in becoming a varsity sport is in season scheduling. "We ran into a problem with the NCAA and NAIA refusing to play us because we were only a club sport," Hunter notes. The increased finances have also allowed the team to expand its travelling while in the past it was more or less confined to the Midwest area. The University has already picked up the tabs on trips to Dayton and Fort Wayne which, Hunter indicates, the team hopes to pay back through fund-raising endeavors.

While Notre Dame soccer has moved into the prestigious level of varsity competition, Hunter plans on changing very little in the program. "Our intention is to become a Di-

vision II team. We are on a limited budget and offer no scholarships. The members will still have to work hard to supplement any funds received."

The Irish head coach feels there is enough talent already on campus to field a winning team although some recruiting is being implemented. "We ask the admissions department for the names of any incoming freshmen that have indicated an interest in soccer," explains Hunter. "We also have solicited comments from coaches concerning players that have an interest in Notre Dame."

Whatever initiative the soccer coaches have taken, it seems to be paying off as the Fighting Irish enjoyed a very successful fall season. With all games completed in an 18-game fall campaign, the Notre Dame eleven dropped only one match. Ironically, the one loss came against neighboring St. Francis, whose soccer team travels as a club sport. The Irish are 16-0 against other varsity teams with one tie against Dayton.

The highlight of the season was the trip to New York where they competed in the Mayor's Cup Tourney. Here they tested themselves against soccer powerhouses Hartwick, Oneonta St., and Davis and Elkins. Hartwick has been NCAA Division II champ in the past while Davis and Elkins boast several NAIA titles.

While no one on the team is classified as outstanding, Hunter works toward a strong nucleus. "We have many solid ballplayers and that is how we win. I wouldn't trade our 12 solid players for one or two stars." The Irish mentor goes on to add, "I think we can attract good players with this varsity status and the Notre Dame name. Kids come here, however, mainly for the academics."

The soccer team is not without its individual accolades, as co-captain Terry Finnegan, a junior from St. Louis, was named to the Mayor's Cup Tourney All-Star team. Another co-captain, Jim Rice, has performed consistently well this year. Goalkeeper Mark Klein has also done an outstanding job in front of the nets. Jim Moellering has provided the firepower for the Irish, pacing the team with 14 goals. Bill Haggerty tops the team in total points and assists with 22 and 13, respec-

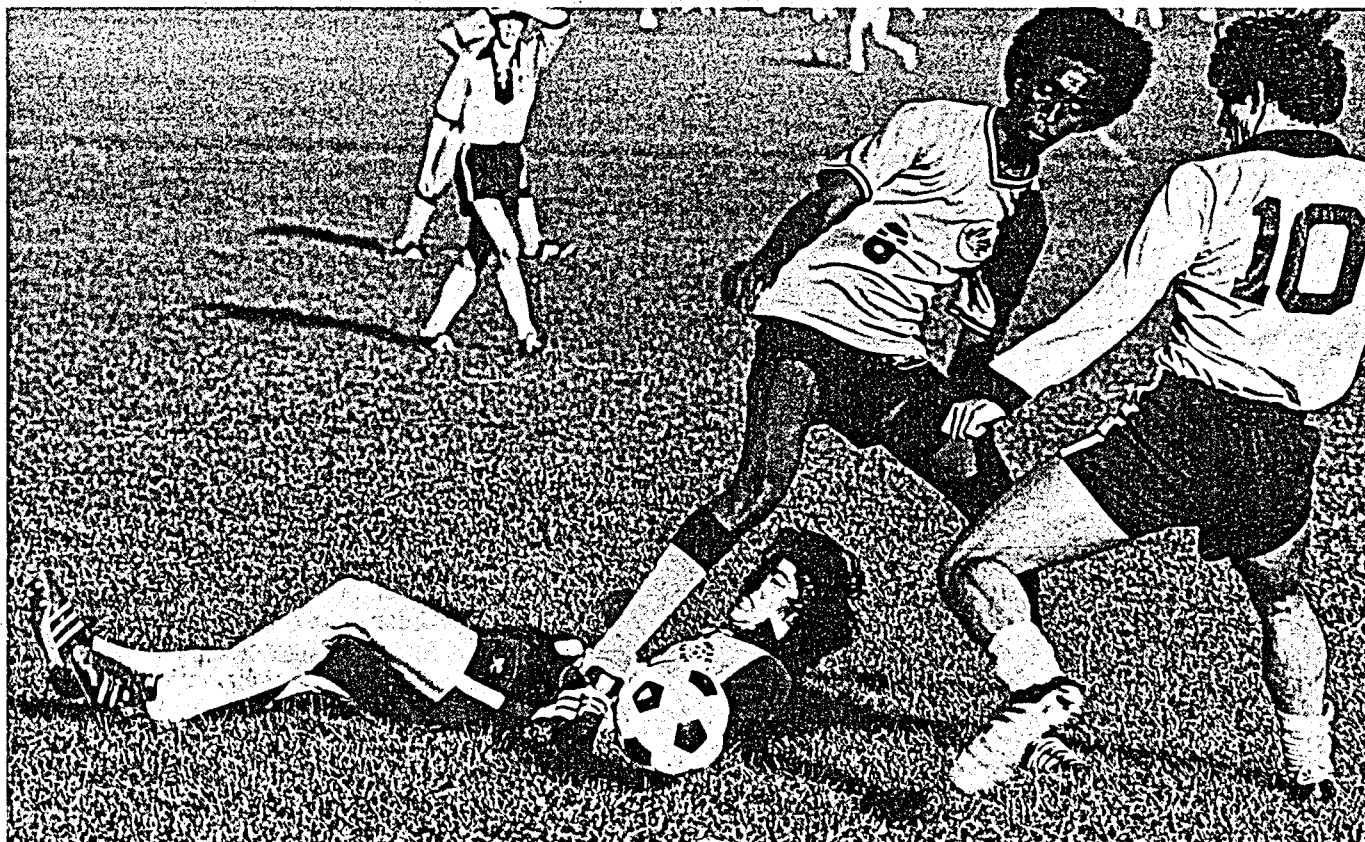
tively. Most of the Notre Dame squad has the experience of high school competition while several players received All-State honors at the prep school level.

While most of the players are experienced, their coach is not. Hunter had no coaching background but he was an NCAA soccer official before he became involved with the du Lac team. Hunter got a taste of "how the other half lives," when he was thrown out of the game against Dayton for "vehemently" arguing calls made by officials who Hunter unbiasedly claims "were raping us." The Notre Dame alumnus also organized the South Bend Junior Soccer Program in his spare time.

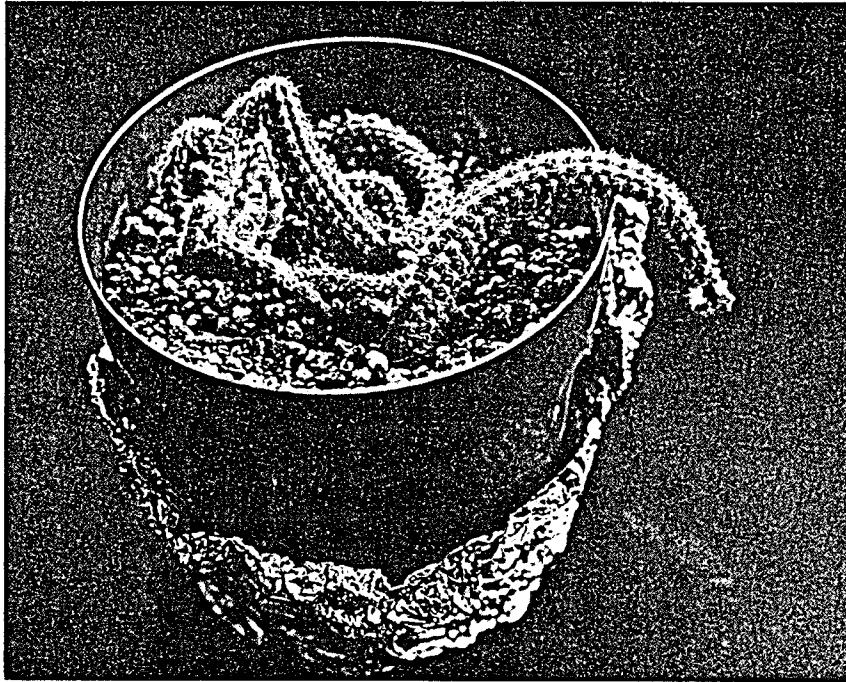
After such a successful fall season, the Irish were disappointed that they did not qualify for NCAA playoff competition. However, the program is young and with a stronger schedule next year, Hunter's club may get the distinction it feels it deserves. There is a spring trip planned to New Orleans financed by the N.D. Club of New Orleans and the players themselves. Down south the Domers will go up against Tulane, Louisiana State and Loyola.

The soccer team has worked hard for its varsity status and is mak-

ing the best of it. The program is staying on a realistic level financially but still hopes to run up against some of the nation's finest soccer talent. Indiana, ranked in the top ten in the country, has already investigated the possibility of a match at du Lac next year. In a short time Notre Dame fans may have another national title contender to cheer on to victory.



Diary of a



Although many people will undoubtedly receive plants this Christmas, it is certain that I will not be among the multitude. Anyone who knows me at all would not subject an unsuspecting plant to such torment. It is not that I dislike plants; I think they add much life and vitality to a room. It is just that I have discovered that I have absolutely no talent in this area. It could be hereditary; my mother once killed a terrarium. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that I have a "black thumb." I blamed the deaths of my first four plants on the poor growing conditions of dormitory rooms. But, upon the death of my fifth, one which was identical to a plant owned by my roommate and subjected to the same habitat, I accepted my fate. I have since completely abandoned this particular art; the thought of submitting another innocent plant to an early death thoroughly depressed me.

At times, my handicap has been quite embarrassing. At Notre Dame, not knowing the difference between a Coleus and a Philodendron is something one should hide. I know that there is no excuse for ignorance, but plants have caused me such pains that I no longer care what type of soil is best for a Florida Ruffles Fern.

I could probably conceal my lack of knowledge if I were not in such a minority; unfortunately, the number of plant lovers at Notre Dame is phenomenal. I seriously doubt that one could find a room completely barren of foliage. In fact, most rooms house several plants. One Farley Hall resident has 26 plants in her 12' by 15' room. I call it "the greenhouse effect."

Notre Dame students are crazy about plants. Last fall, the Student Union sponsored a plant sale. The first day, they were forced to close after selling their entire stock (250 plants) in 25 minutes. The following day had the same results; they closed after selling 500 plants in one hour.

Rich Sofranko, a senior who has

SCHOLASTIC

Mad Plant Lover

by Peggy McGuire

20 plants flourishing in his Cavanaugh single, spends a great deal of time caring for his foliage. "About every two months, I loosen the dirt and check the root structure," the sociology major said. "If it looks too crowded, I transplant it into a larger pot."

There are many products on the market to facilitate plant care. The owner can buy a sprayer for watering so as to mist the plant rather than drench it. Special music has been recorded to soothe the plant and promote better growing conditions. There are pots of any color or material, depending on the plant and the owner's preference. A new thermometer-type apparatus measures the amount of water content in the soil.

Senior biology major Kathy Militello offered advice for the novice plant owner. "You have to get clay pots," she claimed. "I know they aren't as pretty as the plastic ones, but they're much better for the plant. Also, be sure to use a spray-mister; the quickest way to kill a plant is by overwatering."

Last year, Eric Schmitt, a senior from Xenia, Ohio, helped manage "Hanging Gardens Two," a retail plant operation. Schmitt claimed that because the project was begun midway through the first semester, it was not particularly successful. "I think we would have sold a lot of plants had we started earlier. Most students buy things for their rooms right away. I do think, however, that there is a market for plants on campus. They can add so much to a dorm room."

In true Notre Dame fashion, I probably should "give it one more for the Gipper," but, really, there is a point where one must think of the plant. After all, Christmas is coming, and one should be charitable. So, I have accepted my fate. Call me a defeatist if you must, but please remember that I am only trying to be kind. And, above all, please do not laugh when I deck my halls with boughs of *plastic* holly.



Stocking Stuffers

by Jake Morrissey, Mark Ondash and Karen Caruso

Books have been a gift-giver's staple for many, many Christmases. This year is no exception. The following short reviews of recently published works will hopefully serve as an aid to the shopper who wants to match the right book with the right person. Merry Christmas.

One L, by Scott Turow, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 300 pages, \$8.95.

Scott Turow, a former creative writing teacher at Stanford University, has entered a new field: law. In this insightful book, Turow chronicles his first year at America's oldest, largest, most prestigious law school — Harvard. As a first-year student, or a "1L," he experiences the burden of class work, the tough competition between brilliant students and, at the same time, tries to maintain a perspective on the entire situation. Written as a journal, *One L* provides a lucid, often penetrating portrayal of his law-school career.

But perhaps more importantly, the reader is given an inside view of the workings of a law school. "The young law student learns to read a case, develop a coherent argument and to speak 'lawyeresque,'" a seemingly impossible task, but one that is accomplished by a surprising number of the students.

For any undergraduate who has considered attending law school, and even for those who haven't, *One L* provides a thoughtful, provocative glimpse into the world of the lawyer-to-be.

Paradise Alley, by Sylvester Stallone, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 217 pages with illustrations, \$8.95.

Hell's Kitchen in all of its steamy, sweaty squalor is the setting for Sylvester Stallone's first foray into the

world of novel-writing. Drawing upon his experiences growing up there in the forties, Stallone spins a pleasant little yarn about three brothers, the Carbonis, their actions and their motivations for them.

Lenny Carboni is the eldest of the three and is a victim of a war injury, which causes him to limp. The war years of the early part of the decade have soured him and he remains as detached as possible from the rotting neighborhood around him. Cosmo Carboni is a hustler through and through. Constantly considering new ways to make a million, Cosmo's big dream is to be rich enough for him to leave his neighborhood and to rename the place "Cosmo's Kitchen." Victor, the youngest and strongest of the three, is stupid, naive and good-hearted. As the iceman during the fateful summer of 1946, he is a well-known and appreciated figure.

These three brothers are thrown together when a fight picked in a bar by Cosmo leads Victor on a wrestling career that takes him to the top of the heap — almost.

Does the plot sound familiar, like a moneymaking film of last year? No matter. *Paradise Alley* is a novel that can be read in a few evenings, when the television fare is more banal than usual. As a gift for Uncle Harry it is perfect, but think twice about it if you are looking for a great piece of literature.

Flesh and Blood, by Pete Hamill, published by Random House, 276 pages, \$8.95.

This new novel by New York *Daily News* columnist Pete Hamill is not for the puritanical. A boxing novel, this work follows the lives of Kate and Bobby Fallon, a mother and son who are more than that to each other — they are lovers. This

bizarre twist weaves in and out of the convoluted plot, popping up in unlikely places.

Despite this extraordinary plot characteristic, *Flesh and Blood* follows surprisingly conventional story lines for such a firebrand as Hamill. Bobby Fallon, a tough Irishman, rises from the back alleys of Brooklyn brawling to become the challenger to the heavyweight boxing champion of the world. This violent art is nurtured by Gus Caputo, the trainer-with-the-heart-of-gold.

Always in the background is Jack Fallon, Bobby's father who left him and Kate when Bobby was a child. Gradually, as Bobby pulls his way to the top, Jack Fallon, sensing the lure of the almighty dollar, reappears on the scene in the glittering, decadent city of Las Vegas, where the championship fight takes place. There, the novel's problems resolve themselves, and there the novel ends.

Hamill, who shares his *Daily News* office with fellow columnist Jimmy Breslin, has written a tightly packed, readable novel. It seems to have a touch of truth in its boxing sequences, something most boxing novels lack.

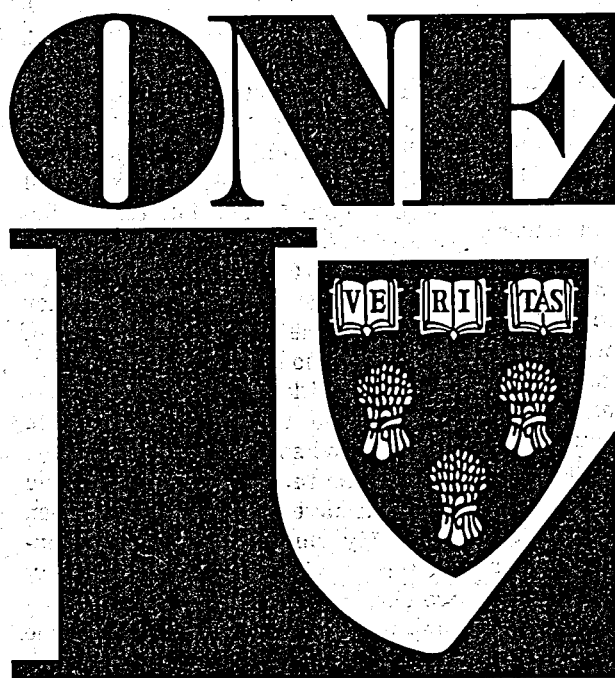
Shadow Box, by George Plimpton, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 352 pages, \$9.95.

Journalist George Plimpton takes an in-depth look at the fast-paced, crazy world that is professional boxing. His new book, *Shadow Box*, is the result. Taking a violent, masculine sport and shaping it into a book that would be acceptable to both an avid boxing fan and a grade-school English teacher is no simple task.

But through the use of his personal insight and humor output, he succeeds in his goal. This, happily seems only natural. As the author of such books as *Paper Lion* and *Out*

PARADISE ALLEY

**Flesh
and
Blood**



of *My League* and also as a frequent contributor to *Sports Illustrated*, he seems ideal to write such a book.

The book approaches boxing from a number of angles. First, the author recounts his own experience in the boxing ring. For a story in *Sports Illustrated*, Plimpton agreed to fight a three-round exhibition against Archie Moore, then the light-heavyweight champion of the world. The author, who had never boxed before in his life, tells how he prepared for the fight. His first step was to go to the library and read every available book on boxing.

Plimpton then gives a short history of heavyweight boxing champs from the strong-man circus days of John L. Sullivan to his personal relationship with Muhammed Ali. The author recounts Ali's rise to glory with a knockout over Sonny Liston, the loss of his title because of his draft resistance, and his return to glory in the famous "rope a dope" fight in Zaire, Africa, against Joe Frazier.

Between these adventures with Ali, Plimpton includes his run-ins with such notables as Ernest Hemingway, Truman Capote, Norman

Mailer, Kurt Vonnegut and Tennessee Williams. This spices up the narrative when the reader has had his fill of Muhammed Ali, and gives an added light to an entertaining, appealing work.

Battered Wives, Del Martin, Pocket Books of Simon & Schuster, 283 pages \$2.50.

The subject is not pleasant, the statistics are alarmingly high, the incidents are either ignored or disguised, the women live in despair — and Del Martin wants it to be taken seriously.

Martin's book is a report filled with interviews, statistics, and incidents concerning wife-beating. This violent act committed by men

against women is widespread, and Martin shows that the women remain in a helpless situation; helpless because it is difficult to escape, and even if that is accomplished, helpless because there are few believers and even fewer places to go if the women have children.

Certain patriarchal attitudes and sexist views exist in America that act against a woman's testimony against her husband. Martin discusses the woman's disadvantages when working within the legal system, and she also gives information about social services and refuges in the country.

Battered Wives, in a forceful, powerful, sensitive manner, offers an excellent treatment of an oft-neglected topic.

What is the hometown of the folk rock singer Dan Fogelberg?

Where is the world-wide headquarters of Caterpillar located?

What city has the largest distillery in the world?

If you answered "Peoria, Illinois" to all of these questions, then your education has served you well. If not, you may be one of the many who have ignored for too long the pleasures of Peoria. While I do not consider it my duty to offer enlightenment, I feel that it is about time to dispel those myths which threaten to distract the common man from a greater good.

I have heard several references made to Peoria during my time at Notre Dame; few of these were intended to lavish praise on the mid-west city. Peoria has been the victim of countless jokes and never-ending generalizations. Some even contend that it is merely a satellite of Chicago, but did you know that 150 years before anyone was living in Chicago, there was an active French settlement thriving in Peoria? And where do you think gangsters retreated when the heat was on in Chicago?

I first discovered the city of Peoria in the summer before my senior year in high school. At the time I was employed to type little blue donation card records at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. I remember looking up Peoria's zip code in the postal directory. Little did I know, unsuspecting youth that I was, that someday I would visit the city which was then but a distant and vague notion. In my sophomore year, I was treated to my first visions of Peoria, and this Thanksgiving I again made the pilgrimage to the mecca of the midwest.

On Friday afternoon, I departed from South Bend, rumored to be at the intersection of nine snow belts, and charted my course for Peoria. Transportation to Peoria is a bit challenging, documenting the age-old adage that anything worth doing, is bound to be difficult. My usual means of travelling to Chicago has been the famed South Shore, so the Amtrak's "Lone Star" was a much appreciated improvement.

The Last Word

by Kathleen McElroy

After a two-hour wait in Chicago, I boarded a double-decker train to Chillicothe. Echoes of Joni Mitchell singing, "I refused to ride on all those double decker busses, all because there was no driver on the top," ran through my mind. At one point I asked the passing conductor what time we would be arriving in Chillicothe. He answered my question with one of his own—"What time were we supposed to arrive?" When I told him 6:30, he assured me that we would be pulling in by around 10 of 7. It was then 7:30. My childhood images of conductors with unerring pocket watches were destroyed, and I began to wonder if more than time zones had changed when I left South Bend.

Most people categorize Peoria as a "typical, midwest, conservative, river town." My own experiences in Peoria have brought me to the conclusion that the two-time recipient of the "All American City" award has been the victim of bad publicity. John Ehrlichman's comment that the Nixon administration gauged its policies according to the saying, "Will it play in Peoria?" did little to destroy stereotypes. A letter to the editor in the November 8 issue of *Newsweek* offers a taste of the indignities that have long been suffered by Peorians: "I'm almost disappointed if there is no witty response when I reveal my origins. But the real kicker came when an English-speaking French acquaintance pondered, 'Peoria? Isn't that some disease of the mouth?'"

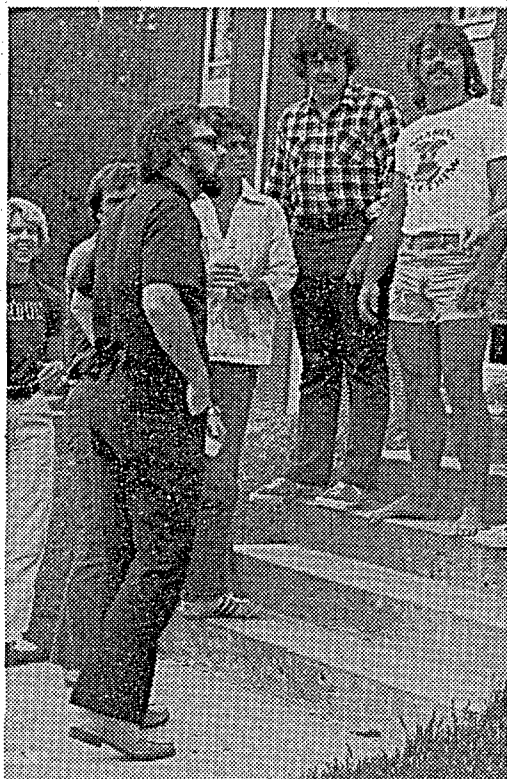


There is much evidence to call for an end to the perpetuation of Peoria's anti-progressive image. For instance, the founder of the National Organization for Women (NOW), Betty Friedan, was born in Peoria. This does not explain why the local chapter of NOW is only two years old, but the inspiration must have been present somewhere to persuade this notable resident to abandon the search for new cream of mushroom soup casserole recipes.

Despite the fact that a 73-year-old Peorian prostitute, nicknamed "Baby Doll," was still practicing her trade when she died, Peoria has always been concerned about morality. In 1913, a Purity League was formed to combat the evils of gambling, general vice, and the growing red light district. Unfortunately the vigilante group's influence did not have a long-term effect on all the local residents. Twelve years later, a fire broke out in the Hiram Walker distillery, pouring 6 million gallons of liquor into the river. Five thousand fish died of alcohol consumption.

If all of this has not convinced you to abandon misconceptions, then perhaps you will be impressed by the fact that Peoria has the oldest Santa Claus parade in the United States. On this seasonal note, I will end, with the hope that soon all of you will be humming to the tune of "I wish I were in Peoria." On behalf of the *Scholastic* staff, I would like to wish you all a blessed end of the semester, and a joyous holiday.

Merry Christmas.



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